

Fur garments needed to keep Indian blood warm what with landgrabbers

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Natives up in Alaska better pack up their dogsled and have Moose ready to mush-mush on the long trek — because landgrabbers and their brilliant Governor are putting The Alaska Native Land Claims Settlement Act on the chopping block — stealing the dogs, in other words, even before the government protections to the Act keel over in 1991.

Indians in the lower 48 know exactly what those political hoofbeats mean. And we hear the riders against village sovereignty thundering across the tundra for the attack. Means the natives are going to be left out in the cold, lookin naked as a Jay Bird standing on Walrus.

The Lake Pasture Reservation is the first tribe to pass a resolution to help our fellow-Indians and Eskimos up north. They've set up a Fur Bra and Fur Shorts Enterprise, "to keep Indian blood warm in shivering times," said the Chairman.

Coyote is head Tailor, and a whiz at sewing up sassy fur bras with just only a nail for a needle and hay string for thread. Zap, zap, and he's got the bra stitched and strapped and cupped — any size, silicones or...

The Council resolution that roused up this enterprising went something like this: Whereas, the Lake Pasture Tribe will make sure the Alaskan Natives are warm, at least, when they

get froze out of the village and off the land of their subsistence. Whereas, through the Trail of Tears up the Alaskan Oil Swipeline, fur bras and fur shorts...



The tribal garment factory is set up back of the Branding Iron Saloon, packed in tight as a politicians's slippery brain — with lambs wool, calf hides ad hay string. The crew has been directed to ship out its first load of fur-things by February, "so the womans up there," one Councilman said, "can have some kinda Valentines."

"Ouch!" bawled Angus Bullneck. "How many times you gotta poke me with that nail!"

"Just stand still," yelped Coyote, sewing up a fur bra on Bullneck. "Better get this thing right for them womens up north. Cold maks 'em particular."

Coyote had stitched up the fur bra with baling twine, using the same concentration he brought forth scratching out his will — that left out the

relatives. He warned not to waste the hay string, because it was the strongest commodity farmers got to show for these days. The leather came from the Joe Cowleg Tanning Company. The Tribal Poaching Industry donated the wool.

"You look kinda sexy in a fur bra," said Joe Cowleg. "My leather gives your torso recognition."

"Too hot, though," bellered Angus Bullneck, sweating under the confining garment.

"Be just right," yelped Coyote, "when some Eskimo woman gets her honey out on the iceberg. Friction warms up the fur, like a senator's tongue when it slaps at his tonsils with promises."

Bullneck was the only cooperative model the sewing crew could find, so they had him drug into a sled with a team of horses, cussing about Indian rights. Because of the fulla's bulk, 1,850 pounds, coyote has to "Guesstimate" measurements for the garment.

One fur bra, for instance, patterned off of Bullneck's torso can be cut up to fit five Alaskan Natives. Five!

"Turn around," yelped coyote. "See if you pass inspection." The Tribal Tailer looked over the fulla crunched up in fur things, darting his beady eyes up and down the massive model. "This one bra could hold 10

Eskimos. Let's see, you're 60 inches around the chest, divide that by..."

The fur shorts sewn onto Angus bullneck gripped his little behind like a sack of groceries, tight and slung. His thighs bulged under the hay string-stitching, and if he were to sit down, why, there go the credentials.

Presently Dog trotted in — going by, actually, into the saloon for his daily flusher of Alfalfa Lites. "Here we go!" hollered Joe Cowleg. He's right size! That way we don't have to cut up the bras. Sew on size and ship'em north right away."

Dog got nervous exposing his scrawney image. He grabbed himself being forced to stand on the modeling block next to bulgy Bullneck. Coyote fitted him up in little fur bra and fur shorts, which saggd to embarrassment.

Directly the door flew open there stood Bullneck's mate. Snorting, she bellered, "Whose bra you wearin' you gay bull! what womans!" She ripped off the garment and both mates locked horns. One naked bull and his berserk mate brought down the shack, so to speak; the materials, the little model and the whole enterprise.

If the native womans up in Alaska get that insanely jealous, even fur bras nd fur shorts may not keep their people warm — in these times of the big landgrab over the native land claims.